



FALLEN ANGELS

**In The Corner Of Every Shadow Is A
Fallen Angel**

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PREFACE

Not everything has an answer, but nothing is chance.

We cannot be so bold that we fail to realize who controls our lives—or who controls everything around us.

Fallen Angels are everywhere. Always have been, always will be.

*Don Gillette
Don Gilbert
Nashville, Tennessee
May, 2017*



Janina F. Anderson

REX

Squirming then starting,
Slouching then stretching,
Spying then standing,
 Pulling then pulsing,
 Pushing then sighing,

Easing then sensing...
 Walking, not crawling,

Toward heaven
To die.



VARRO

Flanked in battle without a clue,
Bodies torn open.
It watches, grinning, hungry, dark...

Patient for the night and the souls it will bring.

Soldiers hear the beat,
 sense the movement of air,
Chalk it up to choppers,
But there are none today.
There is only this,
 forever patient for the night,
 forever beating. Slowly beating.
Forever patient for the night.



VERNAID

Brick buildings with new front porches
Reds, yellows, blues,
Trying to look like condos, new iron railings.

Black tar black top
And across the street,
The store windows have bars
And the wigs aren't cheap

The girls are proud
and stupid.
The boys are spoiled
and stupid.

I burn them,
but not often
enough.



FRIEDA

They don't know me;
don't know I exist.

Down there buying hair ribbons and lattes and burgers with foie gras.
And I think, look at you
monkeys driving cars, staying out late.

Then I fly, swooping down
...ready to rock...
and one helps a kid
or hands over some cash
to a guy selling papers

and I hover.

What's one more day? Just one more day.



JIM

I'm a real soul killer,
Got a lightning rod;
Back away slowly,
I'm an Angel, by god.



RAPHAEL

Here but for the grace of god go I
Alone, unencumbered, entrenched
The nights glow and the days die slowly
While children scream and women weep
And men wish but hold it back.

Here and with the grace of god am I
Alone, unencumbered, disbelieved
I wear my wings like a badge of hatred
I shriek in the dawn
When no one listens
I fly in the dusk
When no one watches

Here and with the grace of man I weep
Alone, disheveled, amazed.
I scabble like a crab on an empty beach
My best is not enough
For I know not what I should do.

Here, graceless, I wait and watch
And sometimes save
Or sometimes kill.



KURT

Snow skies are outside
And theatrical paintings fly through the air
Driven by wind from another time
Their scatterings alight on trees
And make no mention of where they have been.
There is no, "Oh, what is this?" or "Oh, what is that?"
There is no mourning.

Snow skies are outside
In the paleful morning
And they make no scenes of love or hate
Or lover's games or sunlit tears or dripping lashes.
There is no, "Where is it?" or "Why is it?"
There are no questions.

There are snows skies alive in passion
There are snow skies in mourning
And tangled webs of yesterday in a fisherman's reel.
There are lover's games.
There are snow skies asleep in the pasture
When they awaken they cover the lovers in watery smears
There are snow skies no longer
Asleep in the dawn.



THOM

Grass continues to grow
Wildly,
Mowers coming soon.
I can hear their burping motors
Revvng to the call,
Raising hell and blasting gravel
Miles and miles and miles an hour.

No symbols there,
Nothing there.

Watching old people
Walk across a mall
Or drive across four lanes
With chest pains
And ringing ears,
You should hear the slash of the sickle
And the endless drip,
Raising hell and breaking heads
Miles and miles and miles an hour.



SCOTTY

The road isn't doomed.
Construction machinery tells that tale
Along with signs warning of lane shifts
And men working.
The old is going away...
way on.

There are some barns rotting in place.
Decaying straw litters their rafters and floors.
Field mice walk silently within, feeding
On whatever they eat and watching for snakes.
And they're next, settling back into complacency.

One of the rafters still carries
Rope marks, but
 they cut
 the body
 down.



TIMOTHY

I smell the breath
of newborn babes
and it all depends on nothing.

Just a whim,
just a fancy,
an unseen twitch, a cry from the dark.

Perhaps a smile,
a grin. A toothless giggle.
And it all depends on nothing.

But I let most of them make it
depending.



ALISTAIRE

They don't want to see me up close
they kind of squint and furrow their brows
they think I smell weird and they look around
like I'm garbage or old fish or milk gone over

It's not fair

They're all under my cloak, they're all under my gaze
I watch out for them
Take care of them
Make sure the man stays away

See them down there
My pets



ARAMIS

I waited my turn.
Couldn't quite break through.
It's a veil; a curtain.

They all got past.

But I kept pushing.
I could feel the heat from the other side.
Sweet and deadly.

The Mojo Man from Pasadena
Took Momma's soul to Argentina.

She likes the weather there.



CHRISANYA

In a smile
 or a gesture kind,
The far corner of real
 so far behind.
Yet they nod and they gloat,
They flit and they float.

Think their lives are their own...
They do.
Or that some simple master controls them...
They do!

I find their keys, their purses; the little
 lost lovelies they can't do without.

Who do they think
Takes care of their foolishness?
Who do they think
Makes well of their folly?



RILEY

And in a little while
the little whites will bleed
into the other little whites
so before you know it,
a little while will be a lifetime.
and there we go.

Their glistening, dark eyes
(offset by bold, red lips)
search the highways
for love
and something inside me
cries silently
at the dreams
and their shattering.



HUGH

I wasn't always like this, you know.
I used to be taller.
Then I came down here
And now I'm the guy
Who flattens your tires,
Sprains your ankle,
Hides your sock.

You've got names for me, too:
Imp, Gremlin, Robin Goodfellow...

I'm you.



SWITHUN

It's the knocking.
Always the knocking.
Hearts, knees, heads—all knocking.
 There's something about the sound.

I listen for it,
Start it slow,
Bump it up a bit,
 bit more,
 bit more.

Love it.

Unless I get tired,
It's slapping like Charlie Watts
One last time
 And off you go for the last ride.
Unless I get tired.



ANTHONY

I know aches and they
Are seldom around
But you pain
For days at a time

And then I watch your
Arms move slowly in sleep
And wrap around your hair
On the soft pillow.

What is it they say?
“My work here is done?”



LAUVIAH

It's no great secret,
Geography.

Survival of the fittest,
a game.

Don't look surprised, children,
No fish on the line.

And the loaves are in Paris
With the finest of wine.

An accident,
No fault of mine.



UTHER

I live in the mountains
High up in the clouds
Lonelier
 than
 most

But I have my moments,
Trust me
Have you ever heard
 the wind scream
 in the dark

through icy trees?



TAMMUZ

Burning wheat
Blazing corn
Fires as far as the eye can see
I remember it all
They don't do that
Anymore
Too sophisticated
Too smart
Too full of themselves
So let's see how they like it
When there's nothing to eat
And the earth turns to rock
When dust fills their lungs
And Monsanto
Is powerless



MALAK

Lincoln, Garfield, James, Hennessy,
McKinley, Mellett, Long,
Liggett, Tresca, Ghandi,
Chillingworth, Evers, Kennedy, X,
Rockwell, King,
Kennedy again,
Hampton, Mitrione, Foster,
Another King,
Aquash, Bolles, Letelier,
Milk, Lennon, Berg, Liu, Odeh,
Malave, Newton, Kahane, Cuilanu,
Gunn, Britton, Slepian,
Wales, Bailey, Tiler.

Rarely miss
And gone in a blink.



ULIE

Wondering,
Before nothing,
What they'd look like now
Dancing; sweating
In the late summerheat
Outside...

Moon drifting lazily,
Shining on their bodies
The luster
Giving glimpses,
And
Gorgeous glints
of yesterdays
gone already.

My little fishes...
Come, little fishes...
Come to me.



JHAL

I choose my battles wisely,
Though some would disagree.
Miles upon miles of pathways,
roads, sidewalks,
people, people, people.
always going somewhere and
expecting to arrive.

You know it can't always happen that way.
The risk is the goal,
The chance is the fun,
nobody gets it but me. I
try and I try and I try
still nobody gets it but me.

Folded arms.
Time to intervene.



PATRICIA

It is not such a bad thing—
Losing one's mind—
But they pray and they weep
As if that will do it.

I remember one time...
A girl just like her
Dumped pills in her mouth—
Drove her car to a river—
Put her head in the oven and said goodnight.

And six years later
Another one did the same thing
And took Alexandra with her.

Losing one's mind—
They call it anything.



BELLA

When I fell
I fell hard.
Fell hard fast.
Hard, fast, and here.

All these souls
These souls alive
Souls alive weak.
Alive, weak, and dying.

Always dying here
Dying here slowly
Here slowly works.
Slowly works better.

Hard, alive, slowly.
Dying.



JOHNNY

control me?
that's a laugh.

souls, like wings,
wander through me
with hands raised

surrender.

little brother
may kill mother
after seeing me touch
your hand
gently
as if it were mine.

in hell
I take your scent to the highway.



ANGELIQUE

With screams and cries through pain and spasms
Behind blood-soaked eyes they come to me
They see my face, always the first,
Terrified, unaware of what horror means,
Smacked on the back to clear their lungs,
Tossed on a table like a bundle of rags.

Sometimes I cannot contain the joy I have
When I see them grimace or hear them scream.
Isis, Venus, Hera... they've nothing on me
For in me
Land and Life
are one.



ARCORY

I hate the smell.
I hate the men.
I hate the bosses.
I hate the factories.
And I curse it all.

I wish that I could be
Something
else.

Got no one to tell
No one to complain to
Unable to go
Nobody cares

And I don't care.
That's why
It's all
Still here.



SAFFRON

There is a shadow
On the opposite side,
Growing slowly,
Blotting light,
Making it cooler...
Its wings beat the air.

It struggles inside,
knocks over dishes,
beats its head on the wall,
Struggles in twilight,
Pulls against others and
someone
must win.



LEGION

Almost a tickle
Almost a scratch.
And there's still room for the rest.

Who knows?
You may be next.
With plenty of company.

I like to listen
I like to watch
I feel them grow weaker.

Everybody's
Got to go
Somewhere,
right?



BASTET

Their souls slap the tile.
Smiles come and go
Shorn up by remembrance,
expecting.
A dance partner waits,
invisible stranger,
different other,
For practice or keeps.

They come with a promise,
often a lie.

Lights flicker outside
Where the neon is bad.
There is noise from the traffic.
Sirens stand ready
To moan low and sad
For the victims of magic
And the lives that she's had.



PORTIA

I watch from their windows
Outside in the peaceful
As they
Unzip the brass zippers,
Drops their skirts to
The floor.
There are no stockings,
White anklets grace
Their feet
Under grey cross-trainers.
They smile at
The window
And my reflection.



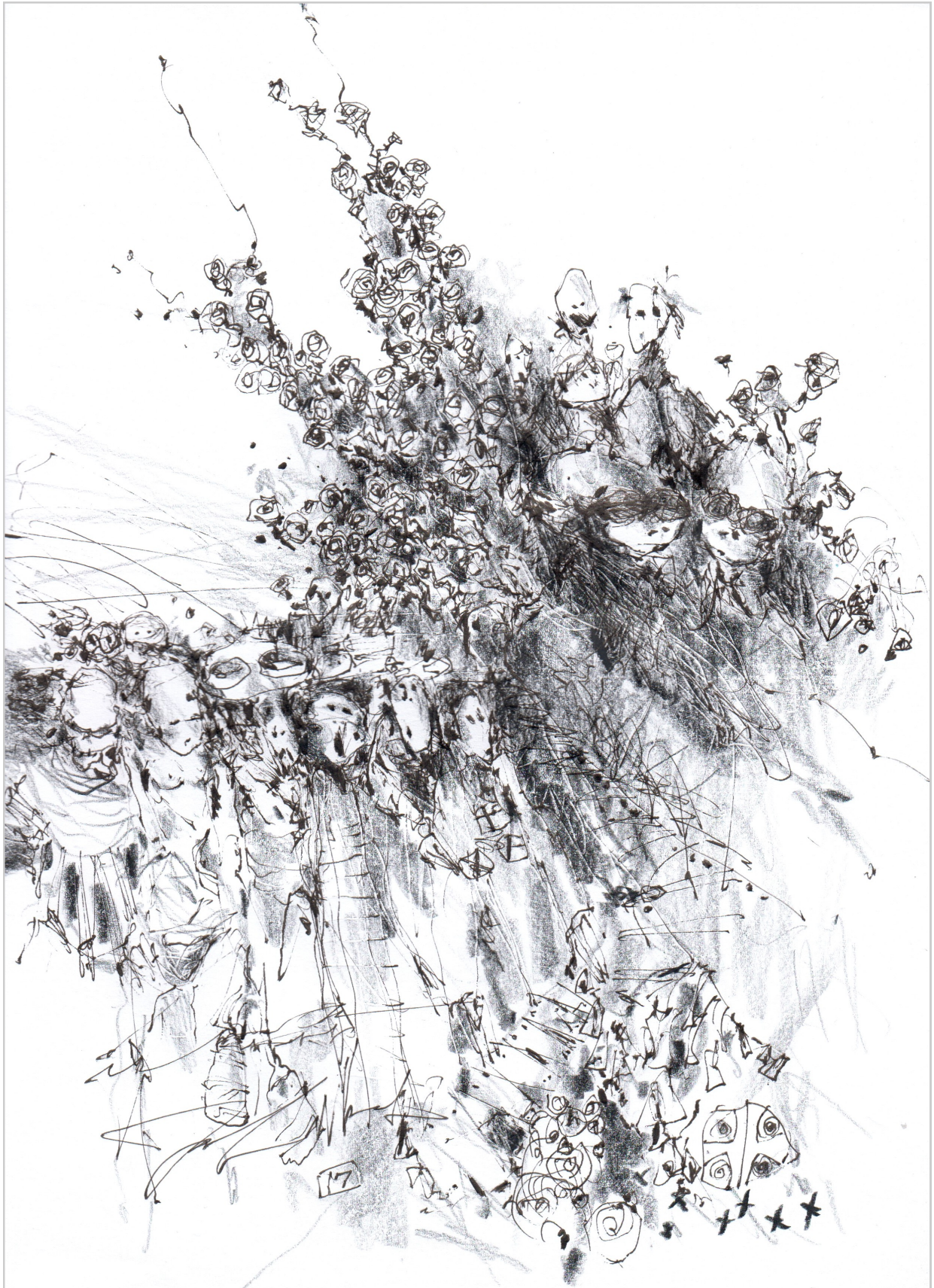
IVARKUTH

In my eyes a world holds you
that I reach and touch, beyond
Any wonder.

In sleep this angel calls you,
hands so soft against your touch
slowly

no sound here will harm your heart
in innocent disguise
since

no man has seen the things I see
With my eyes.



BALTHAZAR

Sometimes,
 when the wind creeps easily
 And the sun dies away slowly
Through the lattice beams of the
shades,
 There is a fire
 That burns
And sends me soaring off into the
streets
Alone with the wild men
And the smells of the past.

And god knows me alone
 On the earth;
 Knows what I do.

send for the martyrs,
heaven's best bet.



PAULO

For days I watch in silent dreams
Mudcast from my tower
Aware of walking, two by two
Weary of the marching
If I had a soul, I'd shudder
Daring them to wander

Daring them to stray or cower
Soldiers are no better
Their time comes to, forever then
Some kindly, some slowly
Depending on the time of day
Or what I had to dream

I always come through in the end
They get so complacent
That's when I like to see them fall
When they've got their boots on
Not so much fun or saddening
It's just what I do best



VAUGHN

Many voices, many faces.
Wheels spinning, nothing turning.
They come and go
Sometimes for never.

The tip of a tongue,
Then gone,
returning at odd hours
And useless.

Other times, it's 80 years
Yesterday and young
But like the rest,
gone like that.

A flash of brilliance,
Back to normal
Fleeting
gone like that.

I am the cruelest,
I think.
They don't know sometimes
I look just like you.



ANDY

Not so much that I laugh,
or gloat
Well maybe

Because all those dreams?
All those desires?
midnight visions?

They're not theirs.

Well... they are...

But for me
 They're
 real.

I get the cake
and they get the crumbs.



REMY

Being in charge
Of anything
Is my bag of tricks.
It greases my stick,
floats my boat,
butters my bread.

All that praise be to this
And hallelujah tomfoolery?
That's for the lackeys.
It's for the suck-ups,
the golden boys;
Gabe and the girls.

Being in charge,
Even of this,
Makes me happy

I fell
(Or got pushed).



MANDRAKE

Tinsel-talking
Tribulations
Taking time from time
Leaving others, always others,
Scrambling for scraps

Stealing the worst
And no one notices
But the toe-tag
Makers
And no one cares
But the box
Makers

While the politicians
Beat their chests
Make the speeches
Clean up the city

No medals for me
No checks.



MILLIE

I was riding in an open railroad car
With two women and two children; a boy and a girl.
The girl had beautiful hair, a mixture of blond and gray.
The boy was freckled and fair.
The children belonged to only one woman;
She was a shoplifter and very pleased.

The little girl's hair was bound with a
Rubber band
At her scalp; a ponytail, But her hair had twisted
And was bound again, strangling six inches beneath the
Rubber band
By some of her tangled hair.
Her back was to Me and I was concerned.
I took out My knife and cut her hair right above the
Rubber band.

She didn't notice for a while.
I stuck the knife into the railroad car's
Wooden floor,
Reached out and took some coal from the tracks.
The little girl turned around and glared at Me
As I held her beautiful hair loosely
In My hand.

Her eyes blazed with the sunset and held My gaze.
The little boy touched My arm.
"Can we call Poppy?"
Goodbye, children.



SHABBATZ

Voodoo rhythms crashing down
Teardrops drowning tiny girls
Floors soaked through with sweat and blood
Ceilings dripping painful rain
Dancers dying one by one
Crying lives around them fall

Day is murdered light replaced
Candles glowing finite flames
Mumbled voices cloud around
Burning smoke becomes the air
Liquid laughing dies away
Twisted smiles surround them all

Merry Christmas, babies.



MORRISA

Last night I dreamed that dream again,
The images are vague,
Of dying children, roaring fires,
And mention of a plague.
The soldiers marched through, twelve abreast,
With rifles shouldered high
And women crying, hardly trying,
Knowing they would die.

Inside a smoking skeleton
Above a noisy crowd,
A voice spoke softly, close to sleep,
“Is dreaming still allowed?”
And back behind a burned-out church
A spirit takes the blame
And no one hears him, no one sees him,
No one knows his name.

I smile a bit and nod my head,
Waiting for the day;
For I know me and I know them,
Scream and come what may.



CRISPIN

I take the writers.
Don't know what it's like
Where you are...
Better or worse.
Too much like home in gray
Smoky old mill towns and
Cars autoteching,
Belching out jobs.
You would not love it now.

Better or worse
Than jolly old England
Stuck in the muck
Of a corner of darkness
In Westminster Abbey
Next to the literate.
You would not love it now.

And how old were you?
Thirty-one? Thirty-two?
That seems too short
By just a bit, but
You would not love it now.



BRADFORD

Meddlers lurk behind closed doors
And come out at odd times
To pry and cheat and steal and lie.
They can be lawyers.
They can be priests...
insurance salesmen. Surprise.



DELILAH

Little time left for the rest of it;
Little time left.
Old friends call off dancing markers
And take steps forward by the sound.
No room for lofty promises
Or lifting premises.
No time for looking out;
No time looking out.
Yesterday calls from a deep, dark castle
ignored.
Tomorrow peeks around corners
And comes in with the markers,
Makes its face known in the passing of strangers,
And time turns round backwards
lets me in.



PETEY

“Death to delusions!”
cried the tired, young woman.
“Death to them all!” she whispered.
They rose as one, became rigid
With anticipation.
And then she lay slain,
Or so they thought,
In her tattered white nightgown
one night last May.
And they left by the front door,
Went to their homes
In the city,
Feeling no pity, feeling no shame.
The tired, young woman
arose from her bed.
“Death to delusions,” she said.



JUAN

Mouths open, voices strangled;
The cold brings white fog from nostrils
And it wafts over the pavement, heads for the sea
Where breaking daylight
Brings breezes. It vanishes
 And reappears on the horizon
 Mingling with the clouds of others
 From around the world
 Sounding like nails dropped
 In a thousand empty wine glasses
 From a wedding without guests.

They drive their ships to new lands.
I just watch.

Heady incense burns without smoking
And the stink of old tennis shoes rises
In the distance
And mingles horribly
With the morning tide
Disappearing in the wet sand
 And opens its eyes to the day
 Over gray shingled roofs
 Past barely green branches
 To the place where others go
 In the drab underground.



RAYMOND

Wandering voices in distance
Speak in middle class tongues
And yearn for tomorrow
Or hope for today.
The calls go both ways
And the callers lie
To each other and they
Talk of the same things.
And they keep a safe distance
On the telephone waves
Never knowing the future
But wondering in dreams.

Outside the door,
I make myself comfortable.
When they say
“Goodbye,”
They don’t
really mean it.



OPHELIA

Tender caring is for
The weak.
I'm no one's mommy.



MELANIA

No one else
Could have seen what I've seen
Been where I've been,
Dreamed what I've dreamed,
Screamed what I've screamed.



NEWT AND THE BOYS

We live forever
And have no souls.

Nobody birthed us.

We're daddy's kids.

But if you think
We're not confused,
Look again.



PIERRE

I think of myself
as a guardian,
But I hate the stigma.
and I don't look the part.

When you step from the curb
And something makes you stop;
When you pause on the steps
And look down at your feet;
When you start to pull out
And inch forward slowly—

If you turned around,
You'd scream.
I don't look the part
But you owe me one.



ROSHANA

Never happen.
Not today.
Look all you want
But don't look away.

Once I have you,
Over now.
No need to practice
You won't know how.

Were I a ceramic figurine on the dresser
You could hear me now and then
Slam the door in the noise.



JAMES O. MAXWELL, JR.

Cannot avoid it,
Toy with it.
Rage slaps my face
In a hundred different ways
Leaves.

And in dreams, fingers
Wrap around chubby necks,
Sink into flesh,
Knead,
Punch down

Until the choking voice
Sounds hollow
When you tap the bottom.

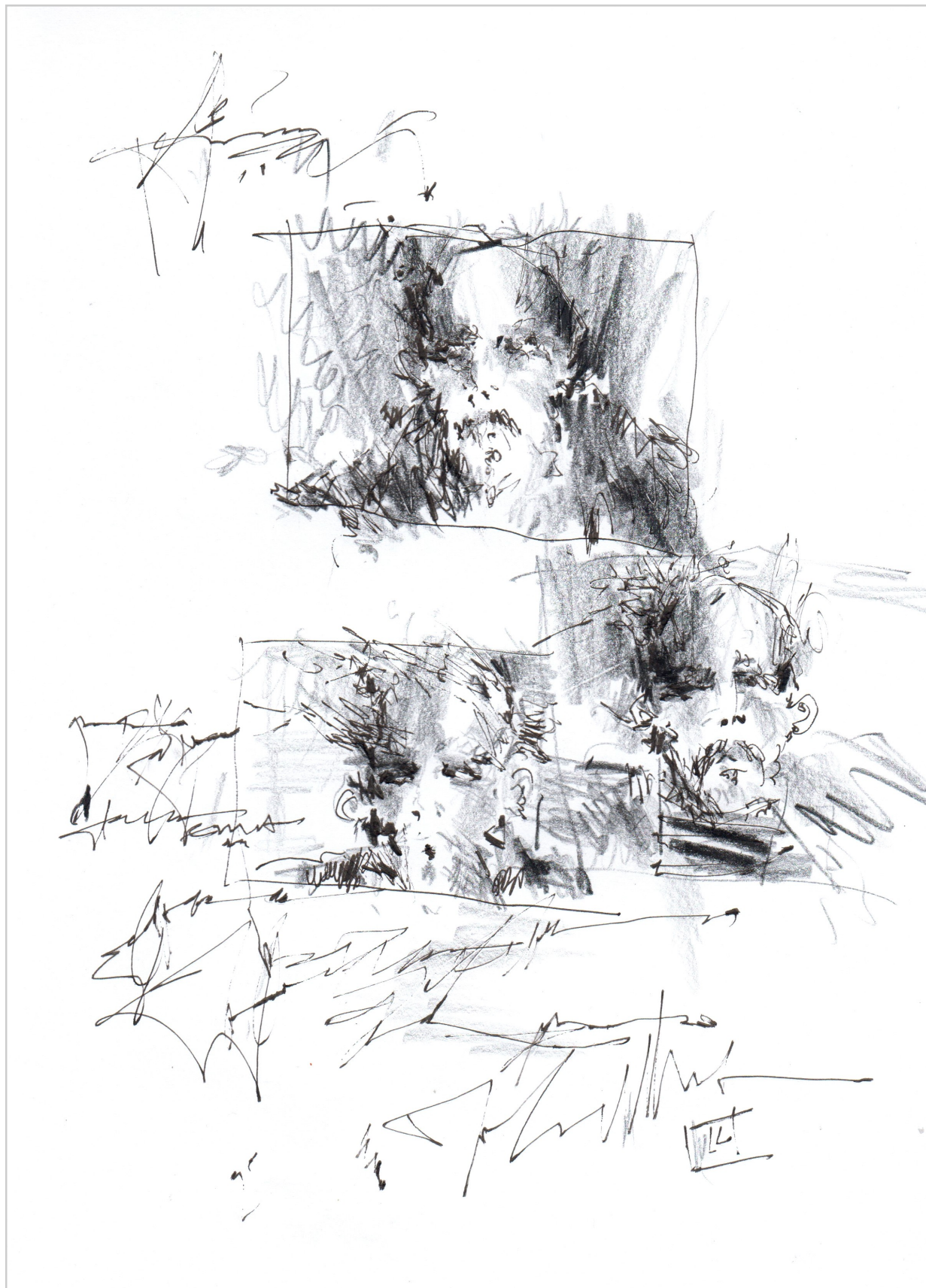


DAPHNE

Wiping sleep from her eyes
She stares with blurred vision
Through the crepe of the leaves
and fears the sun.

In the cities
Away from the insects
Men drink coffee,
smoke cigarettes.

At night, they
Dream the child's name
And she hears them.



DORIAN, FRED, AND MORRIS

Our eyes look deeper
Than any and
the brown flecks and scatters.

We see redemption,
passion,
futures and pasts.

Look into them forever.
Magnify them.
Fall inside.
Find the truth.
How about that?



MITCH

Tired old tires
Meet weary weird roads
Like threads... their way

Down roads they rode before
Singing songs in sing-song
To take the talk
Of signs and signs
From one for one
To the other.

I like the sound of the tune in the dead.
Boogie woogie beating
Like a fist to a head.



PATCH

Dark down here.

I don't know how they do it.



MILLICENT

I'm the life of the party;
The darling of dances.

I sit on the rooftops;
I enjoy the glances.

Got a kid to feed?
Money seem tight?

So you sling that stuff
Around a pole every night?

Don't worry, baby
When you're walking ahead.

I might look nasty
But I knock 'em dead.



CHARLOTTE

And then
waiting around
to grow old or
not so old
and wondering
where it all
ends if it ever
ends and if it
doesn't then where
can we go and if we
can, so what?

But you still
sleep with your eyes closed
and ignore knocks on the door
if it's after eleven.



MINA

Here alone, no friend in Little Rock.
At night she watches the door,
Dreams of leaving it behind.
But days drag by on peeling hands.

During the day she waits and stands
By herself, no love to find
Outside, others whisper discontent
They offer prayers; they all repent.

“We always get her a new hat for Easter.”

Then I roll the dice.



CLYDE

They all like to sin.
Hiding in tiny rooms
Blinds drawn
Lights out
Undercover
In darkness
Behind friendly faces
Masked by smiling eyes
Coming out at night
No need for sleep.
Guess who's here
Just waiting?



MARCELLUS

Let me tell you...

There is no hope in vanity.

There is no future in sanity.

There is no use in lying,

Being more afraid of not living than of dying.



FREY

There are ghosts outside.
They shout to each other in whispering voices
And some climb up trees.
They play with the wind
And fall to their knees
When the breeze dies away.
They know nothing of time.

When the wind blows colder,
They run and hide.

But I can find them
If I choose.
I do them a favor
And never lose.



MANNY

Evil raises an ugly face
In the back.
It coughs out smoke,
Stays crazy,
Pisses misery on the shrubs,
Cackles like a chicken,
Plays tennis.

But Loverboy is here
Let's along open roads
Glistening dried gasoline
Typewritten on the shoulder.
Let's along Highway 12,
Dripping misery

Let's along
Second Avenue, misty
Cumberland
Fogging the banks
Let's along
Your bodies, darkendling soft.



MICK, SAM, AND TONY

We like it like that
Marathon of the dead
On rainy evenings
In the pale moonlight
Dancing with the devil
Dust scattering
Around their flaying arms.

We share 9 eyes
In precious clouds
Gain strength from the moon
Sam loves their sweating legs
Mick loves the smell of the wood

But I love the ecstasy inhuman.
She turns and sways
Tossing the strands of her skirt
in my face.

